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A NARRATIVE

OF THE

LIFE AND LABORS

OF THE

4265.523
(REV. G. W. OFFLEY), - 1

A COLORED MAN, AND LOCAL PREACHER.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

A NARRATIVE
OF THE
LIFE AND LABORS

OF THE

4265.523

REV. G. W. OFFLEY,

A COLORED MAN,

AND LOCAL PREACHER,

Who lived twenty-seven years at the South and twenty-four at the North; who never went to school a day in his life, and only commenced to learn his letters when nineteen years and eight months old; the emancipation of his mother and her three children; how he learned to read while living in a slave state, and supported himself from the time he was nine years old until he was twenty-one.

An interesting story of a slave woman, Jane Brown—her dream fulfilled—the separation of her husband and two children.

The escape of D. Green, a slave woman and her infant, in one night, by the aid of a white woman and three colored men.

Proposition of a slaveholder to G. W. Offley to marry his slave girl.

The slave girl runaway and got married on Saturday night and came home Sunday morning.

HARTFORD, CONN.

1860.

NAMES OF GENTLEMEN WHO SPEAK IN HIGH TERMS OF HIS
MORAL WORTH:

Ware, Mass., Feb., 1852.

REV. W. WARD.

Hartford, Conn., 1854.

REV. DR. J. HAWES.

" DR. H. BUSHNELL.

Worcester, Mass., 1854.

REV. S. SWEETSER.

" E. SMALLEY.

" GEO. BUSHNELL.

" DR. A. HILL.

HON. JOHN DAVIS.

REV. O. TILLOTSON.

Boston, Mass., 1859.

REV. JOHN W. DADMAN.

" E. E. HALL.

BOSTON, Dec. 14th, 1859.

I have known the REV. G. W. OFFLEY for many years. He has been a faithful and eminently useful man and minister, among his people. I have good reason to believe in his integrity, purity and piety. I think him entitled to confidence and sympathy.

S. K. LOTHROP.

From 4349.59

94949 - June 24, 1869

NARRATIVE

OF THE LIFE OF

REV. G. W. OFFLEY.

My mother was born a slave in the State of Virginia, and sold in the State of Maryland, and there remained until married, and became the mother of three children. She was willed free at the death of her master; her three children were also willed free at the age of twenty-five. But my youngest brother was put on a second will, which was destroyed by the widow and the children, and he was subjected to bondage for life. My father was a free man, and therefore bought him as a slave for life

and gave him his freedom at the age of twenty years. He also bought my sister for a term of years, say until she was twenty-five years old. He gave her her freedom at the age of sixteen years. He bought my grand-mother, who was too old to set free, that she might be exempted from hard servitude in her old age.

Previous to the sale of this family, my mother was living with her master's children, and they persuaded mother to not consent to father's buying the children, and told father if he attempted to buy one of them they would shoot him dead on the auction ground; that they would buy the children themselves, and they should have their freedom according to their father's will. Mother told them they might buy them and welcome, but you had better throw your money in the fire, for if you buy one of my children I will cut all three of their throats while they are asleep, and your money will do you no good. Her young mas-

ters were afraid that she meant what she said, and they concluded that it would bring a disgrace upon the family to prohibit a man from buying his own children, though mother had no intention of doing as she said.

The auctioneer was a true friend to father, and used great deception in making the purchaser believe that the two children would die unless they could have their mother's care, so that father bought them at his own price, as no person bid against him. They wanted to have mother and father to work for them, and they would bring up the two children as mother had ; neither had any care of a family, and they were afraid the children would suffer. Mother said if they did suffer they would not be accountable for it,—that she had two hands, and she could work and take care of her own children without their help. But when she became the mother of eight children, and father working for twenty-five or fifty cents

per day, she often would think of her old master's kitchen and wish for some of the good victuals she had given to the poor whites, and the field slaves. But little did they think they would ever be poor. One of her young mistresses married a miserable young man and she went blind and died heart-broken. Her young master's daughter married a similar kind of wretch, and died young, as thousands of the wicked do.

I was born Dec. 18th, 1808, in the State of Maryland, Queen Ann's County, Centerville. My mother and father were illiterate, and kept no record of their children's births, only referring to circumstances. But when I was seven years old I heard mother say that her young master's daughter Ann was two weeks older than myself, and I got a stick, or piece of wood, and made 11111111 notches, and at the end of every year would add another 1 notch until I was twenty-one years old. At that time there

was a dispute between mother and father about my age. Mother said I was twenty-one, and father thought I was only twenty, and I went to Centerville and saw Miss Ann, who was born two weeks before me. I asked her if she was twenty-one, and she said yes she was just twenty-one years old, and I returned from my ten miles walk, but dare not name it to father until he mentioned it, and I told him I had been to see Miss Ann and she said I was twenty-one years old; then said he you are free from me. During my boyhood father hired me to a slaveholder for a term of four years to pay his house rent. From the time I was nine years old I worked and supported myself until I was twenty-one years old, and never received one dollar of my wages. When I was ten years old I sat down and taking an old basket to pieces, learned myself to make baskets. After that I learned to make foot-mats and horse-collars, not of leather but of

corn husks; also two kinds of brooms. These articles I used to make nights and sell to get money for myself. When I was sixteen years old I commenced taking contracts of wood-chopping, at fifty cents per cord, and hired slaves to chop for me nights, when the moon shone bright. In the fall and winter we would make our fire and chop until eleven or twelve at night. We used to catch oysters and fish nights, and hire other slaves to peddle them out on Sunday mornings. By this way I have helped some to get their freedom.

EXODUS 20-12: Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

When I was twenty-one years old I gave my father one year's work to buy him a horse. One year's wages for an able bodied man \$50, or \$60, fifty or sixty dollars per year, and two holidays at Easter,—two in June, two in harvest, and six at the end of the year; one

pair shoes, one pair stockings, one pair woolen pants, one coat, two pairs coarse tow linen pants, two shirts, and board, is the law of the State of Maryland allows a man, free or slave, black or white, who hires for one year.

My friends who may read this little work, will make due allowance when they see that I never possessed the advantage of one day's schooling in my life, and only commenced to learn my letters when nineteen years and eight months old.

At one time, when going to my work, I found a piece of a chapter of an old Bible, Genesis 25th, concerning Isaac, Jacob, and Esau. At this time there was an old colored man working for my father. He, taking the piece of Bible, and read it to me; I do not remember ever hearing that much of the Bible read before. I told him I would like to learn to read; he told me to get a book and he would learn me, while he stayed with us. I bought a little

primer, and Sunday morning he commenced learning me my letters. By Monday morning I could say them all. He would give me lessons nights and Sabbath mornings. He said when he used to take his master's children to school, he would carry his book in his hat and get the children to give him a lesson in the interval of the school. He grew up to be a young man, experienced religion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal church, and was authorized to preach among his colored brethren, free and slave, and was set free some time before he worked for my father.

After he left our house I was without a teacher, and there was an old man about seventy-five or eighty years old, a slaveholder, owned a small farm and one slave woman married to a slave belonging to another slaveholder. This woman was the mother of two small children. Her old master had five daughters, one son eighteen years of age, a family of

ten in number, to be supported from this little farm,—no one to work except this son and the slave woman, only as I would go and help them occasionally. By this the young man and I became very intimate, and I learned him the art of wrestling, boxing and fighting, and he learned me to read. After that I went to work on a railroad; then I taught boxing school, and learned to write. After that I went to St. George, Delaware, to work at a hotel. One day a white boy came to me and said that he was hungry; his father gambled away his money, and if I would give him and his little sister something to eat occasionally, he would come three nights in the week and set copies for me to write, and learn me to cypher. The landlady was very glad of the opportunity, and gave me the privilege of giving them as much as I pleased, and I used to take them in the kitchen and give them what they could eat, and fill their little basket to take

home. He would stay with me sometimes until two or three o'clock A. M., and learn me to cypher to the single rule of three.

I arrived at Hartford on the 15th of Nov., 1835. Since that time some of my good white friends have assisted me by referring me to good books, and giving good instruction, of which I have reason to believe some of them are in heaven, and others on earth doing good.

My mother's and father's theology, or the way we children were taught by our parents, neither of them could read; but as mother's master was a member of the M. E. church, and used to read the Bible to his slaves—not learn nor teach them to read, but read the Bible to them.

First, man is a compound being, possessing two natures, a soul and a body; the body is of the earth, and must die and return to the dust from whence it came; but the soul is immortal; that is, will never die, but will live

forever in happiness with God, or exist in hell forever. This theology teaches of two places for the souls of the human family after death, and the condition by which they must go first. If children were obedient to their parents or their owners, and prayed to the Lord to forgive them of their sins and make them good children, and keep them from telling lies, from stealing, from taking the Lord's name in vain, and to keep the Sabbath holy ; but above all, never to be saucy to old people, lest our case should be like the forty-two children destroyed by the two she bears—II KINGS, chap. 2 ; 23 : And he went out from thence unto Bethel, and as he was going up by the way there came forth little children out of the city and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald head, go up thou bald head. Verse 24 : and he turned back and looked on them and cursed them in the name of the Lord ; and there came forth two she-bears out of the wood and tore

forty-and-two children of them. And I am glad to know that even from the most oppressed slave to the most refined white family's children at the south, are taught to respect the old, white or black. Their children call old colored people aunt and uncle by way of respect. None use the word 'nigger' but the low and vulgar.

Our family theology teaches that God is no respecter of persons, but gave his Son to die for all, bond or free, black or white, rich or poor. If we keep his commandments, we will be happy after death. It also teaches that if God calls and sanctifies a person to do some great work, that person is immortal until his work is done; that God is able and will protect him from all danger or accident in life if he is faithful to his calling or charge committed by the Lord. This is a borrowed idea from circumstances too numerous to mention. Here is one man we present as a proof of the im-

mortality of man, while in the flesh : Praying Jacob. This man was a slave in the State of Maryland. His master was very cruel to his slaves. Jacob's rule was to pray three times a day, at just such an hour of the day ; no matter what his work was or where he might be, he would stop and go and pray. His master has been to him and pointed his gun at him, and told him if he did not cease praying he would blow out his brains. Jacob would finish his prayer and then tell his master to shoot in welcome—your loss will be my gain—I have two masters, one on earth and one in heaven—master Jesus in heaven, and master Saunders on earth. I have a soul and a body ; the body belongs to you, master Saunders, and the soul to master Jesus. Jesus says men ought always to pray, but you will not pray, neither do you want to have me pray. This man said in private conversation that several times he went home and drank an unusual

quantity of brandy to harden his heart that he might kill him ; but he never had power to strike or shoot him, and he would freely give the world, if he had it in his possession for what he believed his Jacob to possess. He also thought that Jacob was as sure of Heaven as the apostle Paul or Peter. Sometimes Mr. S. would be in the field about half drunk, raging like a madman, whipping the other slaves ; and when Jacob's hour would come for prayer, he would stop his horses and plough and kneel down and pray ; but he could not strike the man of God.

The first Methodist minister that ever preached in a certain town in Queen Ann's county, there was a great revival of religion among the rich and poor, black and white, free and slaves. When many of them experienced religion they would disobey their ungodly masters and would go to meetings nights and Sundays. Two rich slaveholders waylaid the

minister at night, and took him off from his horse and beat him until they thought he was dead. But the Lord saved his life to preach his Word, and many were converted in the same town through his preaching, and many masters, when converted, set their slaves free.

My grandmother died at ninety years of age; my mother at seventy, and my father at eighty years of age. These three friends died in the strongest triumph of faith in Jesus, who when on earth said he would be with his people to the end of the world. Amen.

Perhaps some person will ask why did I teach the art of wrestling, boxing and fighting, when desirous to learn to read the Bible? I answer because no one is so contemptible as a coward. With us a coward is looked upon as the most degraded wretch on earth, and is only worthy to be a slave. My brother's master, Governor R. Wright, of Maryland, taught his children never to take an insult from one of

their equals—that is, from the rich and educated. Their domestic slaves were taught not to take an insult from another rich man's domestic slave under any consideration. By this, you perceive, I was trying to be respectable by doing like the rich. Those who read the lives of our great statesmen, know they were duelists. Then I thought he who could control his antagonist by the art of his physical power was a great man. But I thank the Lord, since the 21st of Feb., 1836, I have been enabled to see things in a different light, and believe the man is greater who can overcome his foes by his Christlike example.

A word to my colored friends. It is often said that we are a degraded people in this country as well as in Africa. Before we consent to the charge, let us look at the word degradation. Walker says it means “deprivation of office or dignity, degeneracy, to lessen, to diminish.” I can not see that his explana-

tion has anything to do with the charge against us in a moral sense of the term, when properly taken into consideration, if we only number one-sixth part of the population of the United States. Because we have six men against one to vote us out of office; that is not degrading us, it is oppressing us. If six colored men should take a white child from its parents, and teach it that its highest obligations belong to us, we six men, that we stand in the place of God—this is the kind of education many of our people have at the south. Now I ask if this child should become a Sabbath-breaker, or a liar, a thief, or a drunkard, or an adulterer, not having the advantage to know better, I ask who is the degraded man? Paul says, Romans 4; 15: For where there is no law there is no transgression. Then the moral guilt rests on the oppressor and not on the oppressed. We must not feel that we are degraded. The true meaning of the word

degrade, is to be low, mean, contemptible, willing, to do a mean act that we know is displeasing in the sight of God and man. Therefore we may be oppressed by man, but never morally degraded, only as we are made willing subjects to do sinful acts against what we know or have the power to know is wrong in the sight of God and man.

No difference how poor we are, if we are respectable, honest, and upright, with God, ourselves, and our fellow-men. For St. Peter declares, Acts 10, 34-35, that God is no respecter of persons. But in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him. And if any man is accepted with his God, then oppression, nor prejudice, or prisons, or chains, or whips, or anything, formed by man, can not degrade us. No, we must voluntarily subscribe to some mean act before we can be mean or low in the sight of our dear Lord and Master.

My dear and much beloved friends, allow me to say to one and all, be sure to send your children to the day and Sabbath-school.

Yours in love,

G. W. OFFLEY.

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S K E T C H

O F

JANE BROWN AND HER TWO CHILDREN.

I HAVE been requested by some of my friends to complete the story of Jane Brown, the slave woman and two children, mentioned on the tenth and eleventh pages of this book. I omitted several interesting stories because I did not design it as an anti-slavery book, but merely a short sketch of my youthful life, as I am aware that the slave is a hopeless victim in this country. I do not think there was a slave in the state of Maryland treated better than Jane and her children ; that is, any more sympathy manifested toward them. If Jane

went to meeting or any where her young mistresses would take the best of care of her children. Jane's husband was owned by another man and was set free. He, Charles Brown, went to work in the State of Pennsylvania, among the Quakers, to raise money to buy his wife and children. The Quakers persuaded him not to buy her but run her off. Charles returned home to see his wife and told her to get ready and run away. No, indeed, I would not be guilty of such a thing after they have been so kind to me, and reminded him of the great sin of stealing slaves from good masters. They were both members of the church. He told her that the Quakers said it was no sin for a slave to run away from his master, for God created all men free. Well, said she, he never created me free, for you know I was born a slave, and my mother before me. Her husband told me he could not help laughing to see a woman such a fool, nor she would not

consent to run away. While he was away in Penn. to work she dreamed three times in one night that she and her children were sold. She awoke up in great distress acrying and told her Miss Sarah her awful dreams. Her mistress told her that she was a foolish woman ; father would sell me just as soon as he would sell you. No, Sarah, I know that he has sold me for two reasons ; he has never been from home before breakfast since my remembrance, and I never dreamed any thing three times in a night but what it came to pass ; and while talking she looked up toward the outer gate and saw a strange horse and carriage coming, and she cried out, my God ! Sarah, that's the very horse I saw in my dream last night. She took her two children and ran and hid under the bed. The stranger came and inquired for her and her mistress told him she did not know where she was. He said he knew ; got out of his carriage and found her under the bed. He

asked her to come out; she came out, but declared that she would not go with him; she would die sooner than go. He reasoned with her, and said it was a hard thing to break up families, but death is all the while separating us, and your master is a very old man and death will soon separate you. But the case is this: your master is in debt, and the note is due and your master cannot raise the money, and the sheriff was coming to take you and sell you and your children, to Georgia. The slaves and free colored people of the lower classes don't know anything about North and South, as we do. But when they direct a person anywhere they point with the hand and tell you to go so far and then turn to your right or left hand. But when the master wants to frighten a slave just tell him he will sell him to a Georgia man, and that will do more good than thirty-nine lashes. The story of Jane continued, and said he to her, Jane, you say you

will not go with me ; I am a great strong man and can take and tie you and make you go ; but I would not be guilty of such an act. But Jane the secret is this : your master and his son left home almost heart-broken from the idea of your condition. Now if the girls knew anything about it you say you will not go with me ; then I shall have to send the sheriff after you and you will have to be sold to Georgia, and you will never see your husband again. Why, he is free now, and can go where he wants to. Oh no, a free colored man can not go to Georgia ; they would make a slave of him if he goes there ; a free black had as well be in hell as in Georgia. Jane if you live with my wife three or six months and I was to say that you might exchange homes and go back, I don't believe you would do it, because my wife is one of the best women in the country, and I know you will like her and she will like you. Only think, you have only five

years to serve and then you will be free, and your children at the age of twenty-one years, and how pleasant it will be to live in the city and only ten miles from where you was born. Your husband can come to see you just when he pleases and stay as long as he wants to ; I shall not charge him one cent, and I will hire him if he will work for me. She consented to go with him and gathered her clothes and she and her two children kissed Miss Sarah, Miss Catharin, and Miss E. Davis, her three young mistresses, (the youngest she nursed at her breast after the death of her old mistress,) and then stepped in the carriage, she and her two children, and said, Miss Sarah, will you please write and let Charles know where I am, and have him come down as soon as he can, and tell sister Caroline when you see her again that she must try to come down about Christmas and see us ; perhaps I may get a chance to come along about that time if I get along

right well. Oh, yes, you can come at Christmas, Jane, by all means ; you know every boy has a right to go and see their friends at that time, said her new master—a devil in human form—there, we must go. Her mistresses said to him, please hold on a half a moment. She ran and got a biscuit and gave the children with tears in their eyes. God bless you, said Miss Sarah ; the same to yourself, said Jane, and the new master, and off they went, he taking them to Centerville, and put them all in jail with about forty or fifty others, and sent them to Baltimore, and in four weeks' time they were shipped and sent far south and we never heard of them since. This is not a fictitious tale, but a true story. I could write a book of facts more sad than this story, but let this suffice.

Jane's young master whom I spoke of in the foregoing part of this book as my teacher, was a true friend to me and my brother ; he

would fight for us as soon as he would for an own brother. This statement I speak from experience.

There is another cause why Jane was separated from her husband. No doubt but the money could have been raised and the debt paid, but as very many of the white people, rich and poor, as well as the black, slave and free, are believers in ghost-seeing, witches, and conjurors. This man overheard some talk between Charles and his wife which caused him to suspect she would run away. He went to an old conjuror, known as Lying Jim, and he said she was going to run away; and if she had have runned away leaving the debt on the old man he would have lost his farm and left them almost penniless; but she told my father and mother she would not leave them on any consideration whatever, and several of us young men intended to have beaten him for telling the lie, but he died before we could

find him, and from that time until now I have repudiated all conjurors, for I believe they are all liars ; I was acquainted with five of them and proved them such.

But where is Charles Brown, Jane's husband ? Previous to Charles being set free, his master owned an extraordinary slave woman ; he was offered an exorbitant price for her and was tempted to sell her ; the contract was on Saturday, and the trader was to come after her on Monday, and take her away ; but his house-keeper, a young white woman whom he the owner of the slave woman had promised to marry, but had broken his promise—she, the white woman, was determined to revenge him for the disappointment, and informed the slave of her condition. Charles B. came to a certain house where I used to stop and related the story. He asked one of the young men if he would help to conduct her as far as Delaware, which was about thirty-five miles. The young

man replied no, I am afraid, I liked to have been caught when I helped off the others. Oh, but the Bible says, ask what you will in the name of the Lord and it will be done. If you will go I will be on my knees all night in prayer to God for you. Then, said the young man, I will go. He returned home, and within about two hours he came with her and an infant in her arms, and the other two she left at home in bed to be given away to two young ladies, relatives of her master. About nine o'clock, she, her babe, and the two young men, left the house above-named and arrived at Delaware just at the dawn of day, at the old Conductor's house. Ah, said he, you are safe now, my girl; how far have you walked? I don't know, sir; we came from Ilee or Dubbleell Creek. Well, that's about thirty-five miles. Are you tired, girl? No, sir. Oh, said he, we have no time to get tired when we are running away. I had to run about one thou-

sand miles and swim two miles with large irons on me. But God was true to his promise ; he told Job he would be with him in six troubles, and in the seventh no evil should touch him. God was with me in all of my troubles, and he will be with you if you put your trust in him. Sunday night the Conductor and four others started for Pennsylvania on the under-ground railroad, and arrived early Monday morning, among the Quakers, and she went to work for them. About two years after Charles' wife was sold, he came across this same woman whom he helped away, and they were married and went to work with the Quakers, and saved a few hundred dollars, and went to Canada, where I learned they were doing well.

To my young colored friends: allow me to give you the kind of advice my father used to give us children ; ever to keep out of bad company, for this reason, if you prefer bad company it will be natural to suppose you will

act as they do. Then if you are poor and your character is gone, you may never regain it, and so you are undone for life. It is said, in the city of New York there are 34,000 white women who have lost their character, and a large amount of them from falling into bad company and some whose parents are rich.

To young girls: when you go to a new service place be sure and learn first to do your work well; let it praise you. 2d. Don't be wasteful; let your employer see that you care for his welfare; be kind to the children; it's the children govern the mother's affections and the mother's govern the father's. By this method you may have no difficulty with those whom you may be called to work for, and that will be to get away from them; but you will always have work and friends both among the rich and poor.

When I went to work for a gentleman, at St. Georges, he said to me, you and I will have

no difficulty in getting along if you can only please my wife, and whenever she wants you to do anything no matter if I have told you to do it previous, you may omit my work and do her's. The first step I took was to make strong friendship with the two children, and that united the friendship of us all. I was called the best groom within sixty miles of that place. They said my horses looked better than any other groom's with the same expense.

Whenever you make an agreement to work for a man for any length of time, before you commence to work, make up your mind to stay your time out with him. Let the winds blow high or low, never leave him until you fulfill your contract; this is what gives character to some of our slaves; they are often let out to other men, and the same men who hire free blacks or slaves. Their rule is to know what they can do, and after they have found out the

ability of the person, free or slave, they calculate to make you do or make you leave. If you are what we call a full blood man you will stay until your time expires. Even if you have to fight a few times within a year, (I do not mean yankee fight, I mean this kind :) when I was sixteen years old and living with a slaveholder, he and the two slave men went away and left me to do my work and the two men's. I had to feed thirteen horses, thirty-five horned cattle, sixty hogs, and one hundred head of sheep, and in the great confusion with the colts, I omitted haltering one, though it did not get hurt ; in the morning he had prepared switches enough to break three yoke of young cattle, and the moment I came in the yard he commenced to curse and swear at me like a—no not like a madman—but like a mad fool, for only such do the like ; he asked me why I did not halter the colt ? I told him I thought I did halter it, and he struck me across

the head with one of the sticks, about as large as a man's thumb. The second time he struck at me I waved it off; then he got up a little more steam and told me to take off my coat. I unbuttoned it and as soon as I unbuttoned it the old devil or some one else, jumped into me and I immediately buttoned it on and we went into a regular fist fight, that is, he fisted and bit me on the head and I almost squeezed the breath out of his little body, and then left him for three days, and he came after me with a gun, and he and father settled it and I went back and lived with him three years, making in all, four. I thought I was quite a smart young man, sixteen years old, to make a slaveholder acknowledge I put him into all the fighting he wanted. My father told him that he did not see what God wanted to make such men as him for that could not whip a boy sixteen years old without taking a stick or his fist; I told you if the boy disobeyed you to

correct him with a switch, not a stick, as if he was a man. He said he did not consider me a boy, for no ordinary man could whip him without a stick or something else ; and they settled it there and then forever.

MARYLAND, LESSEL Co., OCT., 1835.

Proposition by a slaveholder to marry his slave girl. Introduction by Thomas Mulford. Mr. Fowler, please allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Greensbury Washington Offley, the overseer of our railroad stable.

Mr. Offley—Better acquaintance, sir. Mr. Fowler—Better acquaintance, sir, with our bats in our hands. We were in a shanty on Sabbath morning. Mr. F., please take a seat, sir. He sat on a long bench and commenced conversation. How long have you worked for Mr. M. ? Four years, first and last, sir. He speaks in very high terms of you, Mr. Offley. Are you married ? No, sir. Are you engaged

to any one? No, sir. I thought I would like to make you an offer, if you would not be offended. Sir, I am always glad to hear anything good. Mr. Offley, the proposition is this: I own one of the finest girls in this county; she is about seven-eighths white, and acknowledged to be one of the handsomest girls in the county; and as to her moral character, she stands as high as any in our place, white or colored, and I thought I would like for you to come to my house and see her, and if you and her should fancy each other, and were to get married, we would give you a handsome wedding, ten acres of good land, a good log house, and furnish it for you also, one cow, two pigs, a horse and a cart, and make your wife conditionally free; the conditions are these: if she should become the mother of children, I am to have one half of them until they become twenty-five years old, and you the other half. How long am I to keep the children before you

take them home? Until they are six or ten years old. Who is to pay their board? Well, there will be a good deal of cold victuals you can have from our house. But suppose she should not have but one child, whose will it be? Oh, well, if she has one its likely she'll have more. But suppose she should have three, how can we divide them? Well, sir, I will assure you we will have no difficulty about that. Mr. Fowler, I suppose if she should not have any children she will remain your slave. I suppose so, said he; that's the way you understand it, is it not? Yes, sir. Mr. F., who is to have the first child, you or me? I would like the first one. Suppose the first one dies while an infant, and the second one lives and the third one should die and the fourth should live? I should be inclined to think you would make them die, said he.

Here I stopped asking questions and began with my abrupt objections. First objection

was because she was almost white ; second objection that she might be his illegitimate daughter, and I am utterly opposed to marrying any white man's illegitimate daughter, or otherwise and furthermore, I am opposed to the mixing of the two races, and wish the devil had every white man who first originated the system of turning niggers white, for the system has so corrupted our race that you can scarcely tell one race from the other. Then, said he, you think it makes them worse to turn them white, do you ? I do, sir ; they were not half so devilish in Africa, before you whites went there and commenced destroying their cattle and other property, and made one tribe believe that it was their neighbor and set them to fighting among themselves, and then you would take them that were captured and that's the way you have brought the blacks to this country and made yourselves rich by the in-

fernal system of selling negros and your own illegitimate children.

My third objection was, because she was a slave, and before I could make her free, she might be gambled away at the card-table, or the horse-race, or at a fowl-fighting, like thousands of others. He said he hoped he had not hurt my feelings, that P. owns and S. owners paid \$500 each for their wives rather than marry free colored girls because they were better educated or brought up than the most of the free girls in that county. I admit, sir, that they did; I am acquainted with both of the men, and I have no doubt, sir, but what you would do all you agree to do, but the idea of my consenting to your owning one drop of my blood for one hour, would be putting me on the level with the brute creation. Oh, no, Mr. Offley, you have just owned that some of our slaves were better provided for than some of the free blacks. I do acknowledge some

slaves live better to-day than I do, and I have seen slaves have on a better coat than what you have on to-day, but they may be sold to-morrow for their master's debts. That's very true. Good bye, Greensbury. I wish you well. Good bye, Mr. F. I hope you will repent of your sins and set that girl free. I learned afterward that she was his own daughter, by one of his father's slaves.

COURTSHIP BETWEEN TWO SLAVES IN THE STATE OF DELAWARE.

Many of the slaveholding ladies take the utmost care in teaching their house servants to their own hand as they call it, and they say its about all the negro is worth to break one to suit you.

This, my old friend Basel Fields and Mary were owned in one town, and seven young men had attempted to court her, and four of them had their heads cut by her mistress.

Basel thought as she was the handsomest mulatto girl in town, he would try his luck notwithstanding her mistress had declared she never should marry while she the mistress lived. The only objection of her marrying was that she had taken so much trouble to educate or bring her up to her own hand, and if she was to marry, why she could not wait on her mistress, or she could not get another to suit her as well as Mary. The courtship ended with an engagement to be married; but the great difficulty was, neither of them dare mention it to the owners. For about three months after which he, Basel, said he knew that the white folks was the very devil for wit; but, said he, if they get ahead of my time they will have to rise early in the morning. So he ventured to ask her master if they could be married; he said he had no objection, but he did not think his wife would consent to it, but you can ask her but you must look

out for your head, she is death on the boys' heads; she has cut some of their heads I believe. Well, master, will you please be so kind as to intercede for me? No, you must make your intercession as I had to do when I got me a wife. I give you the privilege of coming to the house and that's all I can do for you. The next venture was now to ask her mistress. Basel stands trembling with his hat under his arm, and said, mistress. Well, Basel, what do you want? Master said I might ask you a question. Well, what is it? B., I'm most afraid. You should never be afraid to do right. What do you want? B., I want to marry your Mary. Want to marry my Mary! Yes, mam. What do you intend to do with her? Take care of her. Why, you can't take care of yourself, and how can you take care of her? You have to take care of your master; it's all my niggers can do to take care of me and husband, and then

reach after the thongs, and he fell down on his knees, with these words, oh, pray, mistress, with both hands up over his eyes, and she did not strike him, on the ground that he would never ask her the question again. But love knows no bounds. Nothing too high, nothing too low, nothing too great, nothing too small, but love is acquainted with them all.

My old friend B. and his loved one agreed to meet on the next Saturday night at an old colored man's house, at a prayer-meeting or preaching, and were married. But as many of the slaves often say to runaways, nothing but going back is something, and now she must go home, and she did; arrived home Sunday morning. Well, Mary, where have you been? To meeting, ma'm. But your meeting is n't just out? No, ma'm. Why did you not come home? The clock run down and we could not tell the time of the night. Well, but you are not just from the place

where you went to meetnig? No, mam. Where have you been? I don't like to tell. I will make you tell or I will cut your mulatto hide off you. Dignified huzzy! The old master lay laughing, and said, perhaps she has been to get married; have you, Mary? She did not answer. I say, Mary, have you? Yes, sir. He roared out with laughter. The mistress, yes, and by my soul and God, I will unmarry you before Monday night. I will sue him and make it cost him more than he's worth. Oh, but my dear, you must find out who married them first. Oh, well, I can find out easy enough. Who married you, Mary? I don't know, ma'm. Did you ever hear such a lie since you was born! Didn't Mr. T. marry you? No, ma'm; a strange white man came there and preached, and asked if any one wished to get married; he would marry them, and Mr. Fields said he wished to be married, and he married us. Yes, and I will make you and Mr.

Fields wish you had never been born. Where did you and Mr. Fields stay last night after you were married? In the barn. In where? In the barn. Well, by my soul, I think you and Bazel Fields get by the devil. Why did n't you come home? We was afraid. Well, where are you going to sleep to-night; you don't think I would let you sleep in my house, do you? I don't know, ma'm. Bazel's master sent them a letter, and the case rested there, and B. was permitted every Saturday night to see his beautiful mulatto Mary, and she lived happy with him until she died, and in 1835, this dear old friend of many hardships was then a free man enjoying good health and a most lovely wife and mother of six children, of whom five were free and one a slave. He was surrounded with many white friends at St. Georges, Delaware.

A gentleman said to me last week, what would the slaves do if they were set free? I

replied, suppose you do with them as they do with the seventy-four thousand and seventy-seven free colored people in the state of Maryland. The present law is that any person who is able to work and will not do voluntary work, the person is complained of and if he or she is found guilty of the charge, is sold for the term of one year; the person sold has one-half the money and the other half goes to pay the expense of the court, and the state treasury. There you have no outrages in the state, neither have they town's poor-houses, as we do at the north. If this rule will apply to seventy-four thousand and seventy-seven free blacks, why not to the ninety thousand three hundred and sixty-eight slaves in the same state if set free; or the four hundred and seventy-two thousand five hundred and twenty-eight slaves in the state of Virginia, and the fifty-three thousand eight-hundred and twenty-nine free colored people in the same state. You

have no insurrections among the free; but among the slaves the slaves hear of a resurrection of the dead, and you white people are dead weights on them and they will have a resurrection once in ten or twenty years, just as you would do if we were robbing you of your labor, leaving your wives and your children, you would want to have a resurrection or insurrection once a year.

Said another gentleman, a slaveholder, his slaves would steal his corn and his wheat, and he whipped them, but they would steal; he stopped whipping and gave them all twenty-five cents every Saturday night and had never lost a peck of grain since. I asked him if the railroad company only gave him twenty-five cents per week, if he would not steal some of the company's money that he sold tickets for. He thought he would. Then the niggers are more honest than you are.

HYMN CALLED THE LAMB OF GOD.

WHEN I began I was but young, and now
 My race is almost run ; hosanna, hosanna, hosanna
 To the Lamb of God ; crying hosanna, hosanna,
 Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

I never shall forget that day when Jesus
 Washed my sins away ; hosanna, hosanna,
 Hosanna to the Lamb of God ; crying hosanna,
 Hosanna, hosanna to the Lamb of God.

I'm glad that I'm born to die, from grief and woe
 My soul shall fly ; hosanna, hosanna, hosanna
 To the Lamb of God ; crying hosanna, hosanna,
 Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

Fight on, fight on, we're gaining ground ;
 Old Satan's kingdom must come down ;
 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to the Lamb of God ;
 Crying hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to the Lamb of God.

What makes old Satan hate me so ? He had me once
 And he let me go ; hosanna, hosanna, hosanna
 To the Lamb of God ; crying hosanna, hosanna,
 Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

I wish old Satan would be still, and let me do my
 Master's will ; hosanna, hosanna, hosanna
 To the Lamb of God ; crying hosanna, hosanna,
 Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

We have come to make old Satan yield or die
 A fighting in the field ; hosanna, hosanna, hosanna
 To the Lamb of God ; crying hosanna, hosanna,
 To the Lamb of God.

What kind of shoes are these you wear, that you
 Can walk upon the air ? hosanna, hosanna, hosanna
 To the Lamb of God : crying hosanna, hosanna,
 Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

On Jordan's waves I must go cross,
 I hope to ride and not be lost ; hosanna, hosanna,
 Hosanna, to the Lamb of God ; crying hosanna,
 Hosanna, hosanna to the Lamb of God.

J A C O B ' S L A D D E R .

As Jacob by travels was wearied by day,
 At night on a stone for a pillow he lay,
 A vision appeared—a ladder so high,
 With its foot on the earth, and the top in the sky.

CHORUS—Hallelujah to Jesus who died on the tree,
 To raise up his ladder of Mercy for me.
 Press forward ! press forward ! the prize is in
 view,
 And a crown of bright glory is waiting for you.

This ladder is long—it's strong and well made—
 Stood thousands of years, and is not decayed ;
 It's so free of access, all the world may get up,
 And angels will guard you from bottom to top.—CHORUS.

This ladder is Jesus, the glorious God-man,
 Whose blood rightly streaming from Calvary ran,
 On his perfect atonement to heaven we rise,
 And sing in the mansions prepared in the skies.—CHORUS.

Come let us ascend—behold ! never fear—
 It stood every tempest and always will bear ;
 Millions have tried it, and reached Zion's hill,
 And thousands by faith are climbing it still.—CHORUS.

Our fathers upon it have mounted to God,
 Have finished their labors and reach'd their abode,
 And we are a climbing, and soon will be there,
 To join in their raptures, their happiness share.—CHORUS.

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